WEEKLY COURIER.

C. DOANE, Publisher.

JASPER. - INDIANA

ON A HYMN BOOK.

Old hymn book, sure I thought I'd lost you
In the days now long gone by;
I'd forgotten where I tossed you;
Gracious! how I sigh.

In the church a thin partition
Stood between her pew and mine;
And her pious, sweet contrition
Struck me as divine.

Yes, remarkably entrancing
Was she in her sable furs;
And my eyes were always glancing
Up, old book, to hers.

Bless you, very well she knew it,
And I'm sure she liked it, too;
Once she whispered: "Please don't do it,"
But her eyes said: "Do."

How to speak—to tell my passion?
How to make her think me true?
Love soon found a curious fashion,
For he spoke through you.

How I used to search your pages
For the words I wished to say;
And received my labor's wages
Every Sabbath day.

Ah, how sweet it was to hand her
You, with lines I'd marked when found!
And how well I'd understand her
When she blushed and frowned.

And one day, old book, you wriggled
From my hand and, rattling, fell
Upon the floor; and she—she giggled,
Did Miss Isabel.

Then when next we met out walking,
I was told in tearful tones
How she'd got a dreadful talking
From the Reverend Jones.

Ah me! No man could resist her
In those sweet and buried years,
So I think—I think I kissed her,
Just to stop her tears.

Jones I gave a good, sound chaffing;
Called his sermons dry as bones;
Soon fair Isabel was laughing—
Said she hated Jones.

It was after that I lost you,
For I needed you no more;
Somewhere—anywhere I tossed you
On a closet floor.

Reverend Samuel still preaches;
Isabel her past atones;
In his Sunday-school she teaches—
Mrs. Samuel Jones.

—*W. J. Henderson, in Century.*

THE DEVIL'S LANE.

Scenes Therein Enacted of Import to Three Lives.

That line had always been a bone of contention between Uncle Joe Allen and his neighbor on the west. When the country was new Uncle Joe and Samson Freeholder had bought adjacent farms. In some way or another they had not agreed about the matter of building the line fence. One wanted the privilege of building it in his own way, the other would not adopt that method; and so it came about that they decided to build a lane two rods wide, one-half lying one side the line and one-half on the other side. Each man put up a fence the whole length of the line, leaving that long strip of land that neither could use.

With a considerable degree of propriety the lane came to be known as the "Devil's Lane." Similar lanes may be found in certain parts of this country at the present time, although they are fast disappearing. So the matter stood. The two men let each other severely alone after the fence was built. Each kept up the fence on his side of the Devil's Lane, never venturing to do any thing toward making the land of value to himself or his neighbor.

Time brought gray hairs to those good farmers, and at length Samson Freeholder was gathered to his fathers. Then the farm was sold to Dick Lamson—a wide-awake, thorough-going young fellow who was bound to succeed in life. Every body said so, and what all in Springfield township agreed upon, who could question. Uncle Joe was not blind to the young man's sterling qualities, and so it happened that when, in the course of time, Dick came to court his handsome daughter Bess, he was very much inclined to favor his suit. It was not long before it came to be well understood that Dick was "going with" Bess, and that they were going to "get married" in a few months.

Matters were in this condition when, once upon a time, Dick happened to get to thinking about that Devil's Lane. Then it stretched the whole width of his farm, separating him from his prospective father-in-law.

At that time the lane was well calculated to be an eyesore to any energetic farmer. It had been allowed to run to waste for many years. No one had set foot on it since the fences had been built, save now and then a venturesome boy hunting rabbits, for which it furnished an excellent retreat. For it had grown up so thickly with shrubs, briars and weeds, that it was the next thing to impossible for any one to force his way through it. In such a condition it was of no use to the men who owned the land. It looked to Dick like a sheer waste of property. There was a strip of land one hundred and sixty rods long and a rod wide that belonged to him, and a piece of the same size which Uncle Joe ought to have under cultivation.

Was it not poor policy to allow that land to run wild in that way? So it seemed to him. He knew nothing about the circumstances under which the lane had been built and possibly thought it was only by chance.

"I'll speak to Uncle Joe about it the next time I'm over that way," was Dick's resolution; and it was not long before he had a chance to carry it into effect. The old gentleman seemed to be in very good humor the day Dick called on him, and the men sat on the fence half an hour chatting about the crops and matters in general. Finally the young man said:

"By the way, Uncle Joe, what do you say to clearing up that lane between you and me, and putting a good fence on the line? That's where it belongs. The use of that land is worth something to us both."

Uncle Joe's lips closed for a moment very tightly. Then he replied:

"It's good enough for me as it is!"

Now, that meant a great deal from Uncle Joe. It meant that he had not forgotten the strife of almost half a century ago with neighbor Freeholder, and that he had no inclination now to depart from the decision he had then formed never to help build a fence on the line. Dick was not slow to see that there was something back of the farmer's remark, and he wisely said no more about the lane.

But, as fate would have it, the Legislature of the State about that time happened to recognize the fact that there were a number of Devil's lanes inside its boundaries; and, appreciating the fact that they were but standing monuments of man's perversity, some one introduced a bill to do away with them forever. In case the parties in interest could not or would not agree to build a joint fence, the trustees of the township were authorized to locate the line, build a fence upon it, and charge the expense to the general tax.

This, Dick knew, but his steady-going neighbor did not. So that when some one happened to remark to Dick that it was about time the lane was closed up, it set the young man to thinking very earnestly.

Why should Uncle Joe persist so foolishly in maintaining that crop of bushes and briars. His farm was everywhere else a model of thrift. After awhile he ventured to approach Uncle Joe again on the subject and told him, as the law then was, he didn't see but the lane would have to be done away with. But the old man was immovable. It passes all comprehension what an amount of litigation and neighborhood difficulty have grown out of so simple a matter as the construction of a line fence. Men sensible in most matters have been made enemies for life by just such a thing as that. It is my duty to chronicle the fact that, the more Dick thought about it the more it aroused him. It was down-right meanness on the old man's part to stand out in that way, according to Dick's opinion. Of course, he was an old man now and full of whims; but he ought to listen to common sense.

He finally talked it over with Bess and, like the sensible girl she was, she sought to act as a mediator between the two men. It was not the first time a woman's heart has been crushed by the obstinacy of two men, like wheat by millstones. Uncle Joe finally told Bess never to mention the thing to him again. The fence was all right as it was and should not be disturbed. He had thought Dick Lamson "a pretty square kind of a fellow," but if that was the way he was going to act, he didn't want any thing more to do with him; and, as for Bess, she needn't think she would ever get his consent to marry such an out-and-out scoundrel as he was!

Of course that put the climax on the trouble. Bess, with her lovely eyes full of tears, told her lover the old man's decision, and Dick's teeth came together hard as he listened.

So it was war, was it? Well, if that was so, he would see what the law could do.

In about ten days after that the trustees went out to the farms and very gravely struggled through the tangled lane and staked out the line. Then they served a notice on the two men that they must build a good legal fence there within thirty days. Uncle Joe grimly looked on, and remarked that he guessed he knew what the law was, and he'd try to live up to it.

Dick went at once to work and cut rails and drew them to the lane for the purpose of building his part of the fence, but Uncle Joe made no move in that direction. He spent much of his time in the neighborhood of the lane. He carried his gun most of the time. Now and then he brought home a rabbit for dinner. He had been, so he was fond of saying, something of a hunter in his time, and even now was counted a good shot for a man of his age.

After Dick had finished splitting rails for the fence, he had sharpened his axe, and, taking a good scythe, went down to clear the ground of brushes and briars. He knew this would be no small task, but his arms were strong and his will good. Hardly an hour had he worked when a rifle shot rang out on the air, and his strong right arm dropped to his side, painfully wounded. So severe was his injury that he could do nothing toward discovering who fired the murderous shot, and he was alone. After he had made his way to the house, the alarm was given, and a crowd of men and boys turned out and hunted the lane from end to end, but in vain, no one could be found hiding there, and the deed remained a mystery.

In this way things stood for some time. Dick's arm healed slowly, somehow. The bone had been injured a little, the doctor said. Dick saw Bess now and then. He could not help noticing that the poor girl's cheeks were growing paler day by day, and she seemed ready to break down whenever he came to see her. Her father was home but little now. Night and day he stood guard at the lane, a sturdy veteran on some self-imposed post of duty. He had even slept out in the bushes several times all night, coming to his meals in the morning stiff and sore from the damp, but with a determined look on his face. He was a man who never yielded what he thought was his right.

The thirty days given by law and passed, and the township trustees "allowed" to build a fence in a few days. They had watched things from a distance, and knew how desperate the old man was.

About this time Dick and Bess happened to be sitting on the porch in the harvest moonlight. Uncle Joe was out at the fence, probably. Neither of the young people referred to him.

As they sat thus Dick turned his eyes toward the Devil's Lane. What was it he saw? He sprang to his feet. Away down at the farther end of the lane a cloud of smoke curled lazily up. As he watched, the breeze freshened a little, and a lurid glare leaped angrily skyward, sweeping the fire directly down the lane. Some one had fired the undergrowth which crowded the lane!

It was a time of the year when every thing was as dry as tinder. There had been no rain for weeks, and a fire like that was a thing to be dreaded.

"Where is your father, Bess?"

The girl now rose quickly, and with startled gaze looked towards the lane.

"He must be down yonder. Dick, I'm afraid—you don't suppose—"

"The bush is on fire. If your father is there he is in danger. I will go and see if I can find him."

Before the words were fairly said, Dick had cleared the fence surrounding the farm house, and was running swiftly toward the fire, Bess following as fast as she could.

How the flames did sweep through that thicket! It seemed to lick the crackling bushes up like leaves. If her father was there—no; she couldn't bear to think what might be his fate. The old man was tired with his watching. He might have fallen asleep down there as he had so often before. Dick soon reached the lane and plunged into the bushes as near the fire as he dared. If Uncle Joe was behind him then nothing short of a miracle could save him. If in front, then he possibly might be rescued from death in the flames.

"Don't come in here, Bess," shouted Dick, as he saw the girl about to leap into the thick growth of bushes near him. "Go farther down and look along the fence."

Poor Bess obeyed silently. How like a very giant he seemed to her as he tramped through the briars, mud and bushes, tearing his face and hands terribly, hunting for the willful old man who had wronged him so! How there was his right arm powerless! Did Bess know who had fired the shot that had made it so? If she did, she dutifully kept the secret.

On and on swept the flames, chasing Dick like mad demons. The lower end of the lane was in sight. That would end the search. Where was the old man? Had he missed him? Could it be he had indeed perished? Dick's heart had weeks ago softened towards the old man. It was a useless quarrel. He was ashamed of his part in it. If he had known how Uncle Joe felt about it, he never would have said a word about the miserable lane. Suddenly a low cry fell on Dick's ear. It came from the rear, where the fire was raging fiercely. Dick knew Uncle Joe had been found.

Could he reach him before it would be too late? God helping him he would try. Nerving himself for the ordeal, he rushed back through the smoke toward the spot whence the cry proceeded. Again the call came, this time full of horror.

Plunging on, his feet hot, his breath choked, and his clothing on fire in places, the young man heroically made his way.

When almost ready to drop he found Uncle Joe staggering blindly toward the place. He was fearfully burned and almost exhausted. Seizing him with his left arm, Dick bore him out into the meadow, and placing him on the ground, rolled him over and over till the flames which were eating into his flesh were put out. Then he fell to the ground himself unconscious.

By this time Bess had reached there. Quickly she wrapped Dick in her own garments, deadening the fire, and he was saved!

Two months after that Dick and Uncle Joe, scarred and still weak, staggered toward each other and clapped hands.

"I've been a fool, or crazy, Dick!" said Uncle Joe, in a choked voice. "I'm ashamed of myself. Can you forgive me?"

"Don't take all the blame, Uncle Joe," was the young man's reply. "I've done wrong myself. I'm sorry; let's forget it, and build a fence worthy the name."

That was all that was said about the Devil's Lane. The joint fence was built, and Uncle Joe kept his part up faithfully as long as he lived. After that the two farms were thrown into one, and Dick and Bess are the happy man and wife who live on the Allen homestead.—*Edgar L. Vincent, in St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

—An Æsthetic Sense was loitering about the park in an artistic sort of way, when he met old Practicality rushing down to business. "What's your hurry, my friend?" said he; "you don't make an artistic picture flying along so." "Perhaps not," was the reply; "but I'll make more money selling the artistic pictures you make than you will by making them." "Very true. We seem to be necessary to each other." And they both jogged along together merrily.—*Hartford Post.*

—A strong solution of blue vitriol dissolved in boiling water and used hot, will destroy weeds on walks and this solution will retain its virtue for many years.—*Cleveland Leader.*

A COLORED MAN'S PARTY.

An Organization of Colored Men Promulgate a New Declaration of Independence.

There is no more reason for the organization of a colored man's party in this country than for the organization of a party of blondes or one of gray beards. Yet, if by this means the colored people of the South can gradually be brought into the exercise of their political rights in an intelligent manner, and can be made to understand the full dignity of the freedom and citizenship which were conferred upon them, perhaps the movement which an educated black of Richmond, Va., has started, will not be without support in places where, under other circumstances, it would be vigorously combated. As outlined, the aim of the Virginia gettleman is to form in every populous community an organization of the more progressive negroes for social and political purposes. The political aspects of the organization are to be kept in the background for a time, and an effort is to be made to improve the condition of the race before its active participation in political matters will be recommended. This may or may not be the proper way to begin the elevation of the race, but the idea at the bottom of the movement is a correct one. The organization starts out with the understanding that the negro does not belong to any one party; that under the existing political divisions the intelligent voter of the black race, as well as the intelligent voter of the white race, must sometimes use his independence to check evil tendencies in both parties, and can never be said to have decided intelligently as to his duty until he has freed himself of the tyranny of the party idolatry.

In the language of the author of the new movement, "Mr. Cleveland's Administration has put more real value on the negro's citizenship than all the preceding Administrations since the war." Under Grant the negro was victimized by the carpet-bagger, who robbed and deluded him and his white associates as well, making sport of the liberties of both by incessant appeals to the military. Under Hayes the negro was turned over to the tender mercies of the whites on a trade. Under Arthur no move was made to lift the black man from the position in which he was found, and the recognition which he received at the capital was about on a par with that extended to Indians untaxed. Mr. Cleveland has by word and deed undertaken to deal with the enfranchised race as citizens on an equality with all other citizens. Many of them have been appointed to office, some of them to places of importance, and the encouragement thus extended has not been without its effects upon the more advanced members of the race everywhere. If the Virginian can organize even a minority of the blacks, and actuate them with a correct appreciation of their rights and duties as citizens, he will have accomplished a work which will be of the greatest value not only to them but to the whites, even if it shall be done under the form of a colored man's party.—*Chicago Herald.*

The "Friend" to the Negro.

About the same time that the Republicans of Ohio were rejoicing over the fact that, after having controlled the State most of the time since slavery was abolished, they had finally wiped from the statute-book the last of the "black laws," the Massachusetts Legislature received a petition from certain colored citizens for the redress of a grievance so extraordinary in its character as to challenge National attention. Twenty years ago the colored Methodists of Springfield secured an old building for their church and moved it upon a lot just large enough to hold it. The property on either side was owned by a man who did not like his new neighbors, and he built a tight board fence close to the church on each side, which he painted black. As the fence rose above the windows, its blackness shut out the light of day so effectually that candles or lamps had to be used at every service. The performance attracted some attention at the time, but as the man who built the fence was a good Republican, and the Republican party of Massachusetts was then fully occupied in looking after outrages upon the negroes in the South, nothing was ever done about it, and the unfortunate negroes of Springfield waited for the fence to rot and fall. But since the Democrats came into power at Washington they appear to have plucked up courage, and they have appealed with success to the present Legislature for an act which will end this abuse, planned and committed by a Republican, who in the meantime has been elected to office repeatedly by the party which claimed to be the especial friend of the negro. The revelation of such an outrage upon negroes by a Republican in a city of his own State at the very time that he was fretting himself over an alleged outrage by Democrats upon negroes in Texas would seem irresistibly amusing to Mr. George Frisbie Hoar if he had any sense of humor.—*N. Y. Post.*

——The river and harbor bill which died in the President's hand this year was a monster in some respects. As it came from the House of Representatives it appropriated $7,000,000 for what seemed like judicious improvement of the rivers, coasts and harbors. But in the hands of the Senate the measure was recast, the amounts appropriated largely increased, and a large number of them introduced that looked wonderfully like big jobs. In this shape it was completed and in this shape it died.—*Harrisburg Patriot.*

SHERMAN'S TOUR.

A Reminiscence Tending to Show That He and His Work Are Still Remembered in the South.

Our Washington correspondent has presented some of the details concerning Senator John Sherman's proposed Southern tour. This tour is undertaken at a time when the Ohio politician believes that he can mingle business with pleasure. He will go to Florida, thence to Cuba, and on his return attempt to tickle the ribs of the Solid South.

John Sherman is a very cool hand, and a very cunning one, and, since the war, he has had one of his glittering eyes continually fixed on the South. It will be remembered that John was conspicuous among the "visiting statesmen," appointed by President Grant to visit the South when the three returning boards were expected to do the bidding of Zachariah Chandler. Honest John went to Louisiana, and there he made the acquaintance of Madison Wells and the other returning board thieves, and of Anderson and Liza Pinkston.

The estimable Senator cut a pretty wide swath in the sunny South. He and his colleagues made the champagne and the broth fly. They destroyed free lunches and facts without compunction. The details of this great scandal are still fresh in the minds of newspaper readers. The stay of the "visiting statesmen" in the South was a continued orgie of political crime and corruption, and the result was that Hayes, who was defeated by the votes of the people, was seated in the President's chair by means of the corrupt machinery set in motion by John Sherman and his copartners. We have no feeling about this great crime, but we should be glad to see Mr. Sherman become the Presidential candidate of the Republican party; we should be glad to see him placed in a position where the honest voters of the country could get a whack at him.

Still keeping his eye fixed on the solid South, John Sherman's next effort, after the Hayes fraud, was to secure the Southern delegates to the Republican National convention which nominated Garfield. He had his agents in every Southern State, but we can not speak for these. We know that in Georgia his representative was confessedly guilty of some very dirty work. But it was all to no purpose. The negroes knew nothing of him and they would have nothing to do with him.

Since that day Mr. Sherman has been growing more and more genial, with the solid South still in his eye. For some weeks now he has appeared to be in a melting mood. He has recently had himself interviewed at some length in a Cincinnati paper, and it is said he proposes to use his chin in the South to some extent.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Changes in Office.

It appears that more than half the officials in the public service, exclusive of the army and navy, have, within two years, been changed, while the appointments in place of officers whose terms have expired, as far as can be ascertained, seem not to be more than a third of the whole number made. In one department only an official statement shows that in one fiscal year 22,747 appointments were made, and other information seems to justify the conclusion that in the two years thus far at least 50,000 persons, in all the departments, have been appointed, which is 2,083 for each month, eighty for each working day, about ten for each working hour and one for every six minutes—throughout every working day from the 4th of March, 1885, to the 4th of March, 1887.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The simple fact that an office-holder had been an active partisan under the former Administration, and had prostituted the power and patronage of office to partisan purposes, was clearly a sufficient reason why he should be removed. It was absolutely necessary for the success of the Democratic Administration to have, in the various departments, a fair proportion, at least, of those willing to extend to it their cordial and efficient support. A President chosen to bring about a reform of the magnitude of the task assigned to Mr. Cleveland needed the aid of those who were sincere and faithful to such a cause. We would commend to the attention of the New York *Sun*, and other grumblers against the President, the complaint made by the *Tribune* in the above extract. It may relieve the minds of those Democrats who have been charging Mr. Cleveland with undue preference for Republicans in office. He has been neither remiss or indifferent in regard to the claims of Democrats for places under his Administration. He has only stipulated that they possess the necessary qualifications for office. How unfair and unjust have been the charges made against him by the *Sun* and its satellites for persisting in keeping Democrats out of office. Putting one in every six minutes throughout every working day of the first two years of Administration does not show indifference or negligence toward his party. The rascals are being turned out with considerable promptitude, and men of honesty and ability are being put in their places. The positions of public trust will soon be, one and all, in the hands of those who are in accord with the principles of the party of the people, and are filled by talent and education to do honor to the Government.—*Albany Argus.*

——Death has removed several stumbling blocks from the path of James G. Blaine. Mr. Arthur's influence in New York would have been against him. General Logan would have been a formidable rival. Beecher's eloquence would have been found on the other side, and even Eben F. Pillsbury, who has just died, was a foe who was not to be despised. Still there are a few people left who will demur when the magnetic man assumes to take the lead again.—*Chicago Herald.*

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—The estate of the late Cyrus H. McCormick, Sr., of Chicago, foots up a total of more than $4,500,000, the profit of the patent reaping machine.

—Justice Gray is the only bachelor upon the United States Supreme Bench. He is the largest man in the court, the baldest, and is a famous epicure.

—An illustrated edition of the "Masterpieces of French Fiction" will be issued in monthly volumes in London. It will comprise works of Hugo, Dumas and Sue.

—Richard W. Thompson, of Indiana, formerly Secretary of the Navy, is said to receive a salary of $25,000 a year from the promoters of the Panama canal scheme for the use of his name.

—The Shelley Club is the latest literary craze in London. Students may divert their thoughts for the time from the incomprehensible Browning, to follow the smoother verse of the earlier poet.

—The widow of Colonel "Tom" Scott, the railroad magnate, now lives in regal state in Philadelphia. She was a poor Pittsburgh girl, and earned her own living by painting photographs.

—F. J. W. Gibb, the translator of "The History of the Forty Vizirs," and other works from the Turkish, is at present engaged upon a translation of the thirteenth century French romance of "Aucassin and Nicholete."

—General Boulanger, the bellicose French Minister, when engaged in debate, drinks only sugared water. Bismarck drinks brandy and water. But Boulanger, on being recently questioned on his taste, answered that one can keep a cooler head on sugar than on braudy.—*Cleveland Leader.*

—Queen Margaret of Italy is dangerously susceptible to cold, and seldom is without a heavy wrap, even in well-warmed rooms. Her own apartments in the Quirinal are kept at a temperature which is to most people oppressively hot—about eighty degress Fahrenheit.—*N. Y Independent.*

—Philip Karner lived the life of a social recluse in East Greenbush, N. Y., and died alone and apparently in agony. It was not until his will was read distributing an estate of $100,000 that his relatives became interested, and there are now nine lawers representing fifty-two heirs contesting the will.

—The Duke of Westminster and the Duke of Argyll have withdrawn from the honorary council of the American Exhibition in London, owing to the manner in which their names are mentioned in a petition to the Prince of Wales to accept the Presidency of the council of the exhibition, and also, they state, because they have learned that the exhibition is purely a private speculation.

HUMOROUS.

—The Utica *Herald* says that many of its subscribers who get their papers through the mails don't get them. How do they get them if they don't get them?

—Husband—"I have a surprise for you, my dear." Wife—"Then it will probably stay in the store. I know my last summer's bonnet did."—*Philadelphia Call.*

—"Why don't they have a leader for this orchestra?" "Perhaps because of its tendency to play faster than anybody can shake a stick at it."—*Boston Transcript.*

—First Editor—"Can you give me an equivalent for 'fired with enthusiasm,' Jack?" Second Editor—"Certainly, my boy. Write it 'ejected with cheerful alacrity.'"—*Boston Courier.*

—Well Proportioned.—New York Girl—"The feet of the Statue of Liberty are six feet long!" Chicago Lady—"Six feet long? Why she must be nearly twenty feet high then!"—*Life.*

—"What's a life insurance?" asked one boy of another. "Well, I s'pose," said his companion, "it's a concern that keeps a man poor all the time he's alive, so that he may die rich.

—First Young Boston Blood—"Say, Duxley, did you ever see the sun rise?" Second Young Boston Blood—"No, Sam, I don't think I ever did. I don't remember that I ever stayed up so late as that."—*Journal of Education.*

—Some college officials at the East were lately speaking of the interests of their colleges, when one of them mourned the lack of endowment. "Never mind," said another, "it will come by degrees!"—*Watchman.*

—Wife—"John, who was it said 'Keep your powder dry.'" Husband—"I don't know, exactly." Wife—"It must have been a man." Husband—"Why?" Wife—"Well, no woman would ever think of putting water in her powder-box."—*Tid-Bits.*

—A Serious Case.—"Doctor," said a Philadelphia patient, "I'm troubled with insomnia, and I want you to do something for me." "Do you lie awake most of the night?" asked the physician. "No, I'm all right at night, but I can't get any sleep during the day."—*Life.*

—Thompson Street Echoings.—Mr. Sims—"Look a heah, yo' brack trash! W-what d' yo' go fer ter tell 'Rastus Cluff dat I hed a mons'tous big mouf fer?" Mr. Rasher—"Did'n say no sech fing, Bre'r Sims. Dey wuz talkin' down ter de lardge 'bout puttin' in a new cist'n, en I jes said dey'd bettah see you 'bout it. Dat's all."—*Puck.*

—She Read His Mind.—

"This mind-reading of which I hear,
It puzzles me completely."
She looked up at her bashful beau,
And said, as she smiled sweetly:
"Why, I can read your mind with ease,"
"You can, indeed, then do so."
"You wish that I would marry you,
But you're afraid to say so."

—*Harper's Bazar.*